

*From Rev. James A. Keyes, St. Joseph, Michigan,
August 10, 1844.*

BENJAMIN M. HILL, *Cor. Sec.*

Saturday night in New England.

8. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped.—*N. Y. Times.*

It is a *dangerous* condition. The dust of the earth is
to the soul, and to cleave to the dust, is like clinging
to itself. He who lies down upon the "enchanted
," is liable to fall asleep so as never to wake again.
Thus Greatheart, in the Pilgrim's Progress,
two professed pilgrims, Heedless and Toobold, fast
in the enchanted arbor, and all his efforts to arouse
were utterly unavailing. He shook them, and beat
and shouted in their ears, but the only result was a
coherent ravings, like men who were dreaming, and
compelled to leave them to their fate. Thus it often
with professors of religion who have turned out of
and gone to sleep. Nothing seems effectually to
them—and we fear that to some of them, nothing
of the thunders of the last day will prove a thorough

The business of the Association was performed with decision and despatch, and the various objects of Christian benevolence received the usual share of attention. Rev. J. Brown, of Middlefield, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. J. Brown, Clerk. Sermons were delivered during the session, by Rev. A. M. Torbet, of the Hartford Association, by Rev. C. Willett, before the Evangelical Benevolent Society, whose anniversary occurred on Wednesday evening, and by Rev. J. Higby, of the Berkshire Association.

The delegates and visiting brethren were very hospitably entertained by the friends in Westfield, and the season will be remembered as one of the most pleasant and harmonious.

For the Christian Secretary.

fire-arms and broken up; the "Native Americans" fired, seem to have generally rallied, as they procured from their homes. They took place in the time, during the regular street battle with fire-arms. Assassins fired under cover from their houses, overing the place where the meeting was held, from the safety of their alleys and from behind their fences; their intent stood in the open air, and returned numbers, with the "Native American" numbers, with some of them on the vicinity about the houses, sent some of them on and surrounded the rest, but a detachment of the militia arrived and occupied the ground. The excitement increased—was turned against the whole police force. It was next afternoon the churches were burned. The houses were also burned. Many persons were killed or severely injured. The killed and wounded seem to have exceeded fifty.

of our old friends Turner, and will be read with interest. Article II. is on the "*Parity of Satan*," a short, but well written document, in which we may hereafter copy into the columns of the *Spectator*. "*The Power of Illustration*," is the title of Article III., which appears to have been prepared with special reference to the benefit of the ministry. From an imperfect acquaintance with its contents, we are prepared to say that it is full of instruction. The remaining articles we have not had time to examine, and consequently can do more than state their titles, which are as follows :

The Great Awakening; a History of the Revival of Religion in the time of Edwards and Whitefield; by J. Tracy.

at the house of Mr. A. Fillingim, near Pensacola, Florida. Six a day from the U. S. steamer Etna, and seven offered by Captain Bell, were taken in the attempt to arrest them, and another was wounded in the chase made their way to Mobile, and were pursued by Purser Murray, and sent back.—

From the N. O. Republic.

YELLOW FEVER.—The weather has been peculiarly unfavorable to the city.

A young man, but recently from Maryland on Monday in the Charleston, yesterday informed by a medical

Poetry.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more;
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind whistled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No."

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knew'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the world,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in gloom,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

The Chamber of Death.

Step soft! for a monarch here,
In the gloom of his glory waits;
And the trophies are dark and drear,
That shadow his palace-gates.

Step soft! for a spirit, freed
From the enker's cares of time,
Hath winged its way with angel speed,
To a holy and sinless clime.

Step soft! for a sainted soul
Is gone to its home above;
And, removed from the world's control,
Is singing a Saviour's love.

Step soft! and with pensive mein,
On the face of the dead one gaze;
And learn from the saddening scene,
To number thy fleeting days.

London Baptist Reporter.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the Baptist Memorial.

Auto-Biography of Rev. Asahel Morse.

In a few days after, this question summoned my attention and seemed to demand an answer; are you not liable to backslide and go astray as you have done? I readily answered yes, I fear I shall—but my soul would choose strangling and death, rather than lose the comforts I enjoyed; and would the precious cause of a merciful Redeemer. I asked, what shall I do? I resolved to watch and pray, and attend to every duty required, as far as I was able. In a moment I felt convinced that if the Lord did not keep me, there was no hope in my case; and that if any poor helpless creature on earth needed the watching, admonitions and prayers of God's people, I was one. A resolution was soon formed, to lay my case before the church, and offer myself a candidate for baptism. The question came—what if they should not receive you? You look upon your past life with abhorrence; others may have the same view of it. To which I answered, that is nothing to me: if they reject me they will feel bound to pray for me, if they think me wrong, to advise me.

There being no administrator in the church, they called upon ministers abroad to attend with them:—a number met with the church on Nov. 9th, A. D. 1798. Late in the day, a door was opened for persons who wished to offer themselves to the church for baptism and membership, to give a relation of what the Lord has done for them by his grace. I took a stand and told what I thought I had experienced, the substance of which is given in this narrative. Fifteen more followed, and all but one were received by the church as candidates for the ordinance. The administrator chosen to administer baptism, being necessitated to leave that vicinity early the next morning, it was proposed to have the administration that evening. Much time being consumed in hearing from so many, and in some necessary preparation, we went out to a convenient stream a few rods from the house; prayer being offered before we moved, I went into the water about nine o'clock in the evening, and was baptized by Elder Rufus Babcock, of Colebrook, Conn. The next day being the 10th of Nov., I was 27 years old.

After I made a public profession, I read the Bible constantly, but it did not open to my understanding and preach to me, as I thought it did when I was twenty years old. When I took it in my hand, it was my prayer to God for some weeks that he would impress it upon my mind, and make the meaning of it plain to my understanding, for my own comfort and instruction, that I might know my duty and do it.

About a month after those desires commenced, the Bible appeared with a new face to me. Almost every chapter I read, and in some parts of the Scripture, almost every sentence, not only afforded light and instruction, but was attended with an influence which induced me to speak constantly of its heavenly doctrines, its exceeding great and precious promises, its faithful admonitions and evangelical exhortations. This I felt constrained to do in public meetings and in private circles. Having no settled minister, we were not favored with preaching but a third part of the time (i. e.) every third Sunday, and occasional lectures. We however had meetings several evenings in a week, and sometimes we met at two or three o'clock, P. M. Our performance was prayer, singing, hymns, relation of experience, and exhortation. As the brethren generally called on me to commence the exercises by

* My father baptized Elder Babcock, he baptized me, and I baptized his son Rufus Babcock, Jun. who is a settled minister in Salem, Me. [This note is dated 1832.]

prayer, reading and expounding the Scripture, and speaking as I thought expedient, it was soon reported that I was preaching. Indeed I was engaged in something like it, seemingly before I was aware of it.

Brethren requested me to appoint lectures, and preach on Sundays when they were not supplied. A text of Scripture would dwell upon my mind until I had spoken from it; then I thought I should have no more to do in public. But other passages would follow in succession, and I knew not when I should get through; for it was then a trial to think of being a preacher for life. My diffidence was so great and my qualifications so small, that I was amazed, not knowing, which way to turn or what to do.

The doctrine of salvation by grace deeply impressed my mind and appeared exceedingly precious. The absolute depravity of man in a moral sense, (i. e.) with respect to the knowledge and love of God and submission to the Divine Will, was plainly taught me in the Bible, and I knew from my own experience that it was true respecting myself. My Bible and my conscience forbade me flattering sinners on account of their own doings.

That the eternal love of God in Christ Jesus is the foundation of effectual calling; and that reconciliation, pardon and justification are only by the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, are the truth of the gospel, and so precious to me that I felt constrained to proclaim it as the word of salvation from sin, the word of eternal life.

A young preacher had come into the church who was largely imbued with Arminianism. I could not relish his scheme, though I loved him as a brother. Generally he manifested a good spirit; but sometimes opposed what I believed to be truth, with much roughness of manner, and with too much apparent acrimony of spirit. He opposed my doctrine in public and private, and although he manifested Christian fellowship with me, there was evidently in his conduct a want of brotherly affection. He was, however, on many accounts a worthy brother, and in a few years became an evangelical preacher.

The opposition I met with increased my timorous feelings and depressed my spirits, but it led me to search the Bible attentively, by which, more of it, especially the sentimental parts of it, were stored in my memory, and was an occasion of my resorting to a throne of grace for direction. The next spring after I made a public profession, I was licensed by the first Baptist church in Sandfield, of which I was a member, to preach wherever I might be invited.

The first year I preached some part of the time in Sandfield, and some abroad, perhaps about half of the Sundays in all. In the year last mentioned I had many severe trials; some were external, but the most trying were within. The state of the church was grievous to me on account of their being divided in sentiment; and before the summer closed there appeared to be a great want of that brotherly love and affection enjoyed the winter before. The enemy had come in like a flood, set down his dividing foot, and in some measure separated very friends.

These were outward trials. In my own mind I experienced great and sudden changes. Sometimes I felt as if I were in the king's palace; and sometimes as if I were in the dungeon, manacled with iron. In that year I visited several places at a distance, where I tried to preach; sometimes with a good degree of animation, and sometimes with much depression of spirit. I visited Enfield, Conn. three times in about seven months, and had cause to believe that the Lord blessed my feeble labors.

Previous to being licensed by the church, I thought if the Lord should make me instrumental for the awakening of one sinner, I should be satisfied I were discharging my duty, and should no longer hesitate to devote myself to the work. While indulging such thoughts, a friend who lived about four miles from me, invited me to visit his family and preach a lecture at his house. A respectable number of people collected; among whom were three young women, who came from a remote neighborhood, and took seats near me at the commencement of worship. Their deportment indicated the levity of their hearts. I read and spoke from Jehu's question, "Is thine heart right?" Commencing the discussion of the subject, I repeated the question with the following addition, "Sinner, is thine heart right with God?" One of them was an amiable person, of a good understanding and pretty well informed. She heard the question, felt its weight, and it went to her heart too powerfully to be disregarded. After worship closed, I was surprised to hear her communication. She stated that her first impression was that she was a sinner, that her conscience witnessed that her heart was wrong and always had been, that she deserved wrath, and nothing but mercy could save her. She expressed very clear views of her own depravity, her utter unworthiness, and of the justice of God, her strong desire that her heart might be right, that she might be wholly reconciled to God.

I was so well convinced in my own mind that the grace of God had reached her heart, that I remarked to a brother on our way home, that I believed that when I should hear from her, I should hear she was hoping in the mercy of God unto eternal life. About a week after, it pleased the God of all grace to bless her with the spirit of adoption, and bring her to rejoice in the salvation of Christ. The word of grace being accompanied with the power manifested in the resurrection of Christ, in the renovation of the heart, is the first work of the Holy Spirit in the soul. That is one work unconnected with the terrors of wrath, distress of mind or works of creatures.

The manifestations of pardoning love which enables the mourning penitent to say from the heart, "My beloved is mine and I am his," is another work, whether the blessing follow the first in close succession, or is deferred for a season.

The woman mentioned has exemplified the sincerity of her profession by a life of piety and devotion. Though I rejoiced in her conversion to God, and though I saw some instances of a like nature, with tokens of the divine favor attending my feeble labors for the instruction and comfort of the children of God, the question respecting preaching being my duty for life, if Providence should permit, remained unanswered, and my doubts were not removed. I was soon convinced that I was not to look to any thing God had wrought by me; but to that which he had wrought for me,

and that which he might be pleased to work in me.

Various trials accompanied me through the year, interspersed with short seasons of light and joy. In the spring of 1800 I commenced preaching in Winsted, Conn., one half of the time, and in the fall after, I removed my family and preached to a small church and society there, the most of the time for two years and seven months. The next May after I removed to Winsted I was ordained, in the year 1801—after which, I travelled over a considerable part of Connecticut, and preached in almost every town through which I passed.

While priestcraft and aristocracy held the reins of government and swayed the sceptre in Connecticut, many unpleasant circumstances occurred and much rancor between the parties was excited. The oppressed party were striving to gain their inalienable rights; the dominant party were striving to hold their ill-gotten power, and manifested a spirit utterly subversive of the rights of conscience.

A respectable citizen in Tolland county became convinced of the truth of the bible sentiment respecting the subject and mode of baptism; he gave in to the clerk of the Congregational society a certificate of his secession, went eight miles to unite with a Baptist church, and was baptized on a profession of faith. The Congregational society continued to tax him for the support of their order, and took from him a pair of oxen valued at forty-five dollars, and sold them at auction for ten dollars. He was advised to sue them for the property;—he commenced the suit, and the cause was carried to the superior court.

The defendants acknowledged that he was legally, sentimentally and practically a Baptist; for he had given in his certificate, he had made a profession of his faith, and had been baptized. His Honor upon the bench was an Episcopalian, he asked the defendants why they taxed a man they fully acknowledged to be a Baptist? The answer was that he did not ordinarily or constantly attend the Baptist meetings. The plaintiff replied that he had not calculated to attend more than ten or twelve times in a year. His Honor then propounded this question to the defendant's counsel:—"How long a man who is legally, sentimentally and practically a Baptist, must stay at home and not attend meeting, to make him a Presbyterian?" Confounded by his Honor's logic, the defendants found that it was more practicable for them to give up the cause, than to answer the question.

Some of the oppressive laws were repealed, others were altered, and that oppression which makes a wise man mad, was so far abated, that the condition of those called dissenters was much meliorated. It is, however, a lamentable fact that the Congregational church in New England is stained with blood. However misguided, superstitious and erroneous the Quakers might be who suffered death at Boston, it is evident they did nothing worthy of death or bonds. The crimes with which they were charged were their sentiments and their labors to propagate them; and their returning into the state after being banished, to proclaim their testimony. Were they more erroneous than modern enthusiasts? Would not the country rise in arms, should priests and magistrates attempt to take the lives of men and women for their religious opinions and zeal in promulgating them, however absurd their opinions might be, in the judgment of the public. For otherwise, respectable clergymen to assert at this time of day, in this era of light, that, in the execution of the Quakers, the imprisonment, whipping, torturing, fining, and banishing the Baptists, and nailing up their meeting-houses, there was no persecution, but punishment for crimes against the state, would induce every well informed and unprejudiced man to say that such writers and declaimers not only approved of that conduct, but would act over the same tragedy were it in their power.

"Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. And say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets."—Matthew 23: 29, 30, 31.

In the year 1802, I was invited to attend a celebration of our national independence, and deliver an oration upon the subject.

It was the first composition I ever submitted to the press. I took my theme from Psalms 120: 3. "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." I afterwards wrote for the public papers; in which I labored much to distinguish the kingdom of Christ from the governments of this world; and to awaken the attention of the people of this state to the importance of their having a written Constitution, which should define the powers of government, and secure the rights and liberty of the people—draw the line between those rights which are alienable and those which are inalienable, secure to every citizen like privileges in like cases; and put an effectual bar against all legislative encroachments upon the rights of conscience.

A charter from Charles II. one of the most lascivious and profligate scoundrels that ever disgraced magistracy, and a compact of three towns, written in the style of Connecticut blue laws, was all that could be shown for a constitution.

What was claimed to be the basis of government included the charter, the compact or agreement of Hartford, Windsor, and Weatherfield, and acts of the legislative assembly, and was such a heterogeneous mass of complicated absurdities, as would puzzle a Jesuit to explain.

The society in Winsted was small, and I received but little from them. The last year of my labors in that region, I preached a part of the time in old society (Winchester), and in Torrington. In the fall of 1802, the Baptist church in Stratfield, Conn. gave me an invitation to visit them, which I did in November. I arrived there on Sunday morning, tarried with them through the week, and the next Sunday, and left them on Monday. During the eight days I was there, I rode more than sixty miles, and attended seventeen meetings, preached fourteen times, heard one sermon, and attended one preparatory meeting with the church, and one conference meeting. The society was large and wealthy, but very much scattered;—it extended from north to south about fourteen miles, and six or seven east

and west, among Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Sandemanians, and Nothing-arians.

The Rev. Stephen Royce died in August, preceding my visit to them. They unanimously invited me to settle with them. I took their request in consideration; and in the following spring made them another visit, but deferred giving an answer until June; about seven months after the request was made. To leave the little flock in Winsted was painful; to think of continuing with a growing family, without the means of supporting them was most distressing. I removed to Stratfield the 30th of June, A. D. 1803.

The society had never been in the habit of giving much salary to their ministers, though they were abundantly able; though they gave me a comfortable support while I lived with them, nine years and three months, in which time I was in the habit of preaching six times a week, excepting in the months of July and August.

Two hundred dollars were all they were willing to give as a salary, but their presents were valuable. Many of the church and society manifested a kind and sympathetic disposition towards me and with me in trials of all kinds.

They had two meeting houses nine miles apart at which I served alternately. My labor was a toil and a pleasure. I visited different societies, and preached much in the neighboring towns.—The stream of time, for the most part rolled pleasantly along.

In 1805, on the 4th Nov. I visited several families who were afflicted with sickness. While on the way I was seized with a violent pain in my head, and distress all over me; I however pursued my way through the day, and in the evening preached at the house of a friend, with much bodily affliction. The next day I visited the Rev. Mr. Johnson of Weston, pastor of the Congregational church, who was confined with a fever.—In the evening I preached again, but such was my illness that after the people were dismissed, I could neither stand nor sit still:—ague, trembling and pain, depressed my poor frame, and shook all its covering. The next day I returned home, called on a physician, was bled and took medicine; but disease had taken the citadel, and however unwilling, I was obliged to capitulate. About eight days, or as long as my strength in some degree continued, my pain was intense and my distress exceedingly great. After my fever became regular, I kept my place where I was laid: not from choice, but from necessity.

Forty-two days was I confined to my bed, and was reduced "to a living skeleton." My life was mercifully preserved, and my reason when awake never forsook me. My memory probably, never was brighter than it was in that state of almost absolute debility.

After describing at great length some dejection of mind in this sickness, he says:

Before relief came to my mind, I had but very little expectation of living; I thought every day would be the last: but though my fever continued, and symptoms were as alarming as before, I had strong hopes of recovery. I not only felt as if again I should preach the gospel, but should preach as if heaven and hell were realities. I then was taught that it was one thing to be glad and another to be thankful. Friends and neighbors were exceedingly kind and attentive. Forty-two nights I had watchers who offered their services before they were needed, and every thing necessary which could be provided, was obtained. But if friends came in, or I obtained any thing for myself or family, the attention of physicians and the medicine I received, was all from the hand of Divine Providence, and my heart rose to heaven in the exercise of gratitude for all I enjoyed. I was convinced that thankfulness to God, was a special grace, for which we are entirely dependent. I never knew but little about it before, nor as much since at any one time as I then realized.

The liberation of my mind was on Wednesday morning, my joyful exercises continued about three weeks, in which time I hardly experienced a shadow of doubt.

On Saturday after my joyful deliverance, I had a very poor turn; it was thought I was dying for two or three hours. I was exceedingly low and helpless. My reason did not forsake me; but I should meet my Saviour in peace and enjoy him forever. I felt indeed a little disappointed, as my expectations had been raised, with the belief that I should get well: while my family and neighbors were in tears, I rejoiced in the prospect of a blessed immortality.

The first day I rode out, my wife was seized with a fever, and soon sunk in a typhus and putrid state. We removed her from one bed to another two or three times a day for fifty days, but she was so low and her mind so insane, that it was rarely known to her. A great part of the time we had little or no expectation of her living from morning till night, or from night till morning. Sixty-five days she was confined to her bed, and eighty-five to her room.

We had two sons one in his eleventh year, and the other in his seventh. During their mother's sickness, they were both confined with fever; the oldest twenty days and the youngest fifteen. Sickness was our allotment six months; but the mercy of God was manifest to us through the whole. The attention and benevolence of neighbors and friends, exceeded what I ever saw or expected. Assistance, day and night was voluntary, and more offered than needed.

I preached more after my sickness than before, and considerable additions were made to the church and society.

To be continued.

Strange Infatuation.

We have been credibly informed by a brother that in the town in which he resides, several individuals have been entirely carried away by the Miller excitement. One man says he shall carry his hay and scatter it over his fields, if the Lord tells him too, and he expects he will. He will not gather his crops, nor suffer it to be done. He has long been a professor of religion, but has never paid much for the support of the gospel at home or abroad—was always very cautious about giving, as he did not know what became of the money. But now his property is wasting very fast.

This is only one instance, but does it not teach a very instructive lesson—that property is not se-

sure even in a man's own hands? How many there are who through covetousness, refuse to give to benevolent causes, with the plea that they do not know what becomes of their money;—but do they know that they can keep it safe? Have many are laying up property for their children, withholding it from the service of God—but are they certain their heirs will make a good use of it? It really seems as though God was suffering such examples as the above to convince us that property is not secure, even in our own hands; and if we withhold more than is meet from his cause, however close and penurious we may be, he may in judgment leave us in a deluded state, to squander away our possessions.—N. H. Rep.

Atheistical process of Creation.

The following is from Dr. Beecher's Lecture on Infidelity. We recommend it to the careful attention of all who may be tainted with the notion that there is no God in Heaven.

The fortuitous concurrence of atoms, produced by a human skeleton, around which with kind affinity came the sinews and muscles and took their place. The lungs for breathing, and the arteries and veins to carry the vital fluid offered semi-spiritual, took its middle place to screen both soul and body.

The skin thin velvet covering over the whole. The eye lit itself up the moment it was wanted, furnished with a ligament to tie itself in. This made a beautiful animal only, but a thinking machine passed by, consented to stop and try its product of chance. It took its place and has continued to work with surprising accuracy though latterly it needs many repairs.

We recently listened to an eloquent and ingenious sermon from the words—"Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," in which the preacher showed very clearly that from the days of Adam down to the crucifixion of the Saviour, God instructed the Jews to make sacrifices by the shedding of the blood of animals, &c. as being typical of the coming death of the Saviour. He stated that it was a curious fact, that notwithstanding the Jews deny the Saviour has already appeared on the earth, and that his blood has been shed whereby all can be saved, they had ever since his death, entirely discontinued the practice of offering sacrifices in their mode of worship by the shedding of the blood of beasts, &c. &c.—Ch. Watchman.

At a Court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and in the District of Suffield, on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1844.

Present, HARVEY BISSILL, Esq. Judge.

ON motion of the Administrator on the estate of Jeremiah Morrow, late of Suffield, within said District, deceased; This Court doth appoint the 9th day of Sept. next, 2 o'clock, P. M. at the Probate Office in said District, for the hearing, allowance, and settlement of the Administration Account on said estate.—And doth direct said Administrator to give public notice to all persons interested in said estate, to appear (if they see cause) before said Court, at said time and place, to be heard therein, by posting a copy of notice on a public sign post in said town of Suffield, nearest the place where the deceased last dwelt, and by advertising the same in a newspaper printed in Hartford, Certified from Record.

Suffield, Aug. 31, 1844.

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For the Christian Secretary.

Why so few candidates for the

denomination?

This question has often occurred in the writer's mind. He has dwelt upon it as a Christian and a Baptist, and attempted an answer, but with little success. The present is an age of learning, and on every hand, which is a precious youth to attain it. Indeed, we see multitudes of young men, who are entering into the church, and away into the church vast into Law and medical institutions, and among us—we possess them, and our denomination is increasing, and with any other, and the denigrating labor was never so incessant as at this very day. And when young men in a course of mind, the following considerations, mind, are a partial answer to these considerations are of such a nature as to make us culpable.

I. We, as a denomination, do not prize ministerial education, that Baptists do not love learning, the aid of learning to enable him to preach the gospel with greater force, it is he had no call to the ministry, stances it was a libel upon his character. Uneducated ministers, preferred, but were the ones who were sent to bear the riches of his gospel world. A change (which we now see the superiority of an educated man) is the love of learning is cherished, and the power with which the ministry is eagerly sought. Yet the value of an education, partially estimated, and a system of ministerial education is shown. In proof of this, let many young men, as soon as they are able to do so, they are sent to bear the riches of his gospel world. A change (which we now see the superiority of an educated man) is the love of learning is cherished, and the power with which the ministry is eagerly sought. 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